

A N

E L E G Y

U P O N

The most Pious and Incomparable PRINCESS,

MARY Queen of ENGLAND, &c.

W H O

Departed this Mortal Life, on *Friday* the 28th of *December*, at *Kensington*. 1694.

TIs true---when death, Fate's Minister does call,
Princes and Clowns without distinction fall:
No bribes can make the ravenous Tyrant stay,
Nor both the *Indies* purchase one poor Day.
This Weeping *Albion* to her Sorrow knows,
And this the present sad Occasion shows;
Mary our Nation's late Delight and Pride,
In whom all Charms triumphantly did ride,
With every Grace, and every Virtue crown'd,
Now mixt Alas! in common Dust is found.
Weep *British* Ladies, Weep around her Herse,
And for each Muse attend with tributary Verse;
Let the pale Sun retire behind a Cloud,
And swelling Tides proclaim our Grievs aloud,
For *Mary* universal Nature Mourn,
And bid the flatt'ring Spring no more return.

Oh! if we might of Heavens Decrees complain,
Why does it suffer *Gallia's* Scourge to reign?
Why does it tamely spare that Bird of Prey,
And take its best-lov'd Workmanship away?
What monstrous Crimes has guilty *Britain* nurs'd,
That it is thus emphatically curst?

None sure that ere the Regal Ensigns bore,
Lowd of Perfections claim a greater store.
Amidst the gay Temptations of the Court,
Where gaudy Toys, and Vanities resort,
She between Acts of Charity and Prayer,
The fleeting Minutes equally did share.
Sincere Devotion with her beauteous Train,
Fill'd all her Heart, and in her Breast did reign;
No vain Desires, nor guilty Thoughts prest in,
All was Serene without, and Calm within,
While Mighty *Nassau* yearly crost the Seas,
To purchase *Europe's* Liberty and Ease,

While He his Sacred Person did expose
To treacherous Bullets, and more treacherous Foes.
Mary at home the gentle Scepter sway'd,
Her mild Commands the Factious Herd obey'd,
And Homage to her Conquering Goodness pay'd.
Men by Her Looks, and by Her Virtues charm'd
The *Hydra* of its Sting was soon disarm'd.
Affrighted Vice retir'd at Her Command,
Sunk to the Shades below, and left the Land.
A golden Race of Years began to smile
And Peace and Plenty crown'd our happy Isle.
Oh, who would not dissolve away in Tears,
To lose the Partner of his Joys and Cares,
In Youth's gay Pride, and in Her Blooming Years,
But *William* don't too long indulge thy Grief,
But from thy Faithful Senate take relief;
By the whole Isle Thy Cause will be embrac'd,
For Thy own sake, and for the Saint decess'd.

E P I T A P H.

Under this Marble Urn a Princess lies,
Gracious and Good, Chast, Merciful and Wise.
Since Great *Eliza*. left the *British* Throne,
No Queen did e'er such great Perfections own;
England and *Holland* she by turns did grace,
The Joy, Delight and Soul of every place
To Her for refuge Wretches did resort,
In her fair Breast the Graces kept their Court:
Her Sexes Pattern, Ornament and Pride,
In Pious Acts each precious Hour employ'd,
The City's sole Delight, the Country's Care
Her Royal *Hero's* burthen helpt to bear,
Humble tho' Great, and Innocent tho' Fair:
The Church's Pillar, and the Poor's Relief,
Britain's late Pride, but now her only Grief.

L O N D O N: Printed by *Richard Smith*, at the *Blue-Ball* in
Thames-street, over against *Baynard's-Castle*. 1694.